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MUSH AND MILK. How dear to my heart is that kettle o' pudding, To waken the praises of children with gush. dinner, for supper, and even for breakfast, stood e'en the hungriest for a "squar

And appetites all untillayed it tickled As raish as in after life does the Gold Seal— The kettle of potiling, of dear hasty pudding. That then hasty published of yellow corn me That dear hasty pudding! How often I made !

The their hanty pending: How often I made it In childhood when longing for something to do! The was r I poored in a big iron kettle, And salted it slightly—a big pinch or two— And then, when twas belling, with right hand I While to with the left sprinkling rich yellow

meal, The while it fast boiled and blubbered and threatened To burn out the bottom if I relaxed real— Phat door booty publing, that apluttering pud That old blubbering pudding of yellow corn

often at night when returned from my Or hocing, or haying, or harventing e'en, met on the back porch see maid from the milk-Who seemed by my eyes then a veritable queen:
Her full, foaming tall? pail! I greedily acized it.
And then from the bettle I scooped out the pud-

And ate with a relich I sever now feet-That best pot of padding of sear heavy publing.

That blest pot of padding of yellow core meal. Those days-how dear memory's halo around Is glowing and gleaming to life's afternoon;

Of dear much and milk and an old iron speed Portainer the largings and paners of decreps: Carac with their tauntings life's woes to re-When good healthy hunger in healthfulness

Before the best milk and mush made of corn Phat much known as pudding, as nice hasty That bleet hasty pudding of yellow corn meal.

-Philadelphia Press.

SUMMARY JUSTICE.

Horse-Thief.

Prominently placed in the center of festoon of ritles, knives and cartridge belts in the smoking-room of my friend Lawrence, there is a light walking boot, with which is connected a story worth relating. The boot of itself would never attract more than passing | black's sides!" attention, and that only because of its peculiar position. Of the worth of the incident connected with it I will let you judge for yourself. Here is the way Lawrence told it to me:

"You'll remember I took a walking trip along the western border of Texas hast year. I know you characterized it as one of my outlandish fads at the time. Maybe it was but I had a splendid trip and could only look back on it with the pleasantest recollections had it not been for one occurrence which ended in my nearly losing

my life. per one night and was sitting before a big fire with my briar-root between my teeth, that there was a trampling in the underbrush on the trail below me and a main of about my own size rode up on the tack of a magnificent blue; horse. He was leading another horse by a 'cow rope;' but it was an ani nul very infer or to the one he bestrode. The latter had made me enviour as soon to I chapped eyes on it. It was good black as I have said, and I set it down as an exceptional animal. The raier pulled up just in froat of the fire and then I saw that the black horse had been ernelly ridden. The blood was still dripping from his sides. where the long rowel of the Maxican spars had worn through the skin. The man in the saddle didn't seem to notice it, however, and coolly swung himself off his horse's back and stalked up to

"'Evening, stranger,' he said, 'any jections to my stopping a bit and takin' a bite?

"I hadn't any. I was glad to see anyone. He tied the horses' heads together and fastened them with a lariat to a pin. By and by his eye caught the gint on the lock of a fine Winchester which belon sed to me. " 'Nice gun, that o' yourn,' he re-

marked. 'Want to trade? Well, I hadn't thought of it,' I said, somewhat taken aback by the suddenness of the proposition. What " Black horse, there,' he replied

Give him to you for the rifle. Trifle but'll come 'round all right. Been ridin' him hard. Couldn't stop. Had to make the round-up in time, and'll have to push on now with other one. What do you say -is it a go?" "It didn't take me long to deckle, though I should have hesitated, having tramped through the country for quit a while and knowing the people and their character and ways so well. But my mad desire to get possession of the black horse stilled whatever misgiv-ARKANSAS AND TEXAS.D. Ings I may have had; and five minutes later I was standing by the fire holding

the picket rope of my new acquisition and my late companion had ridden a makin' a bad mistake." Francis prospect of restoring the sight away, carrying the ride with him. Churchill Williams, in Detroit Free It was a tedious journey in "The next morning I made an early start. I hadn't anything to carry be yond a light haversack and my 'Colts', and the way the black horse got over the ground delighted my heart. I'm something of a horseman, as you know, and pride myself that I know a piece of flesh' when I see it. Well, the black more than fulfilled my expecta-

tions. He was an easy rider and carried himself in grand style. "I ran down into a little hollow toword scop, and seeing a level stretch of turf ahead of me-that is, level for

usage, was making the groung fly from under his hoofs, when suddenly there was a yell to stop from a clump of bushes at one side. Then a ball whistled over my head and three horsemen, ome after anothes, Lurst from the an dergrowth and made for me at full

. bether it was that the black was frightened at the report, or whether he merely wanted to try conclusions with his pursuers, I don't know; but he stretched out and we thundered on sard. har 'er than ever. I didn't try to stop him at first, and before I could ecilect my senses, even with the wind rushing in my cars, I heard a swish above my head and the next instant felt myself torn from my horse's back by something over my shoulders. There was a terrific crash, a bundred lights danced before my eyes and the black horse, the men and everything disappeared from view and-well, I knew nothing. The next thing I remember was some one shaking me by the shoulder.

was sitting on the black horse aga r but my arms were bound belief and the level stretch was gone as there were trees around ma A min was saying to me:

Got anything to say, stranger, 'for yer jerked inter th' eternal?' ran down and was held by

nc. was about my neck "I was to be hanged. But what for? then came the words from the man at my shon der again:

"What y' got ter say, pard? Anything? 'Cos if v' has, yer wanter look lively. We sin't a-fool in' no time on "I tried to say something. 'Hanging!" 'Horse thieves!' It was beyond I was simpefied. I made another

effort to speak, but there only came t dry rattle from my throat. "Coyoting" I heard a voice say 'cull 'im up, boys. We can't lose no more. "And then there was a terrible tight ening at my throat, a straining which seemed as if it would almost tear my head from my shoulders. Red, green, somber lights finshed before my eyes Involuntarity I set my chin hard, contracting the muscles until the lower jaw was fixed and extended. I felt mething slip on my neck as I did this, and the strain came almost entirely on my chin. Back of my head,

near the top, there was a hard body ressing into my hair and scalp. Allthese feelings are photographed upon my memory plainly, despite the fact that they were experienced in an in-Then my head began to swim and alled until it seemed as if it were about The Close Call of a Supposed to burst. Water forced itself to my their sockets. In my throat was some-

> trils and was suffocating me. "Just then there was a cry from somewhere: "'My God, boys! we've got th wrong man! Look at his boots Where's his spurs? And look at the

thing warm, which rushed to my nos

"The sound came to me as if from afar. It was faint, but it was distinct. It seemed as if some one were whis pering it through a telephone. 'For an instant I felt the lessening

If the strain about my neck. Then the warm fluid in my throat came up and choked me and I felt myself falling through what seemed infinite ar acc. "Something hard between my teetl ravived me and I found myself regainst a tree-the one from which I had moment before been clangling-and a

man holding a whisky flask to my month. That was a narrow squeak, pard said my attendant. 'How y' feelin' now; comin' 'round all right? Take another drop o' the licker; it'll liven y'

up a lat." 'We'll have ter beg yer purding captain,' said a man in a big slouch hat, coming forward. 'We thought v was th' feller wot stole th' black, and so we strung y' up. Y' must 'low the evidence was strong gainst ye. But jest to show there's no ill feelin' the black's yours. Y've carned him I reckon, anyway. Shake hands, will y'? "I shook hands. I was yet too mys-

tified to understand anything clearly. "But when at last ! did regain my senses more completely I heard the whole story. The men about me were ranchmon from 'Stockers,' thirty old sailes above. They had lost a number of valuable horses, and finally, the day before, the block had been mi sing That settled it. They at once went on the trail and, though they were a long time coming up with the oligest of their pursuit, owing to the doublings and trickery of the gentleman who had traded me the black borse the evening before, they had finally sighted me, ran me down and later strung me up. 'What saved y', purdner,' said my lish.

friend of the slouched hat later on in finishing his story, 'was them boots. They werd too small and light for there fel lers 'round here, and anyways they badn't no spurs on them, and black's sides showed as how the Jeller. what had rid him had worn the 'Mexicans, and used 'em, too.' "An hour later we started back along

jerking his thumb toward that animal. my going with them to the nearest ranch and resting over night. I was riding the black. Two miles or more had been gone over when a little body pulled up short as they saw us " Well, we got him, Jir., said one of

> and I see y' got him,' pointing to the that Minnawaqua and her blind child ward and said: with the slouch hat, 'and we come near | an oculist and treated if there was any | must go to him!"

IN THE SENATE. NENATOR VOURHERS Wears a 7% att.

tile and has the largest head in the sen GEN. Gospon has aged considerably in the last few years but he is still on: of the most distinguished looking the: in the sounts, He has a tall, straight figure and carries himself like the sol-

SENATOR WALTHALL is perhapsione of the most regular men in his habits in to restere just sufficient sight for the the senate. He never keeps late hours. Promptly at nine o'clock he retires, but he is awake and sipping a hot cup of only by their voices. coffee by four a. m.

THE richest of the new sentters is elton, of California, who is said to have one million to Stanford's three. He was a poor boy at the time of the dis-covery of gold in California and made his money in mining. THINGS LIGHT AND PLEASANT.

A SLOW MATCH. - The courtship of a bashful young man .- Washington Star . The thinner a thing is the more it is inclined to spread itself. -Oil City Bliz-SMILE at some women and the tell you all the troubles they -Atchison Globe.

ABSENCE makes the her prow fond- forty miles away, er, but presence causes [full moon. Texas Si It is well for the d man do prac tise until he know to apologize gracefully.—Somerville Journal itself to the principles of supply and de-mand.—Washington Star.

It was in the autumn following the spring when Fleet-Foot joined his tribe. Rumors had been rife all sum-STAR-EYES. The Patherle Story of an Indian that the Indians were in ugly

to aweep away the udvanced settle-The beant ful valley, called by the ments, was imminent. The or six sign near me, all sitting on their set the west branch of the Susquehauhorses, silent and grim. I felt some us, was the last footbold in Pennsylthing rough around my threat. I valid, east of the Alleghory mountains,
twisted my head to one side. It felt that the full interaction and suspendence. Long aflike a seart. I looked above me tar the outposts of civil sation had all like a seart. I looked above me for the outposts of civil ration had ad-There was a rope thrown over the vanced far up the valley the red men violent pounding on the door. On limb of a tree overhead and one end turned by the graves of their ances two or tors. They were louth to leave the Star-Eyes there in most pitiable three men I had not noticed hefore the rwater; of the river, encased in plight. He was weak and haggard; The other end, it suddenly came upon the fruitful little valley that was his buckskin clothing was almost in amed in by hills and mountains, shreds; there were only remains of his

t must be some horrible dream. But drawing near when inexorable fate terribly. would connel them to turn their backs their old homes and trudge towards dians were on the warpath up the the setting sun, but they dreaded to river. After the war party started he make the change. The time came, however, when the long detour in the mountains, running estward movement was almost im- at his best speed all the time, and then perative. It was decided that the struck the river below the alvancing should migrate to the headwa- rodakins. His imperfect sight had ters of the stream, fully 6fty miles becaused his clothing to be torn to tatters wond the limit of white acttlement, by underbrush, and his moccasins had lut a few friendly Indians, who were worn out 'n that almost perpetual run on the best of terms with the whites. day and night for forty miles. He

> efficis to move westward. This bred rough the settlement the following vengeful feelings on the part of their night. The advance line of civilization at along the valley. A good force of this time was the mouth of Lycoming brave men hurried up to meet the savcreek, now within the limits of Wil- ages, and to take a good defensive posiismsport. At the base of the mountion. But their services were not tain lived a young friendly Indian needed. When the Indians found that named 1-feet-Foot, who made a fair their approach had been he alded, and living by hunting and fishing, assisted that the settlers were ready for them, by the handiwork of his young squaw, they abandoned the raid and retreated. wko made handsome baskets that

were sold to the settlers. to all the whites in the sparse settle- groun. The other children were unments. Even the fondest mothers ad- harmed se. He had great, big, laughing slaughter, hazel eyes, half-row checks, a nose very appropriately named Star-Eyes.

of leaving her white friends. One day, shortly after the migration, Fleet-Foot was hanting in the mountains. Minnawaqua left her wigwam. a solid structure of logs, which the white had belied to build, to go to a spring for water. She had left Star Eyes playing on the floor, but when she returned in a few minutes the child had disappeared. She hastily looked of slistance had been covered, one of about, called him, and then hurried she stopped, turned pale and pressed og themselves now sale from pursuit, chiefs. From the borders of some fine re instinct detected stra ge moceanin tracks on the ground. Her mind com- wait of three hours under the gammer- I saw that she had reproduced the cobprepended it all as she sunk fainting ing stars, a cautious acvance, the to the ground. Star-Eyes had been simultaneous crack of a dozen eareful-

Fleet-Foot's refusal to join them; that was avident. dastardly act. Assay of them were skin the captors, but Fleet-Foot dissuaded them stopped as if they had been riveted to by saying that the Indians would sure- the ground, ly kill the papoose if they found that they were followed, and besides there Eyes! would be slanger of ambush by a large party of Indinos.

just before daylight in the morning, ther, raised his hand and faintly said: Fleet-Foot and Minnawaqua were sud-Eyes at the door, crying bitterly. In a evidently dying. trice the child wa, in the arms of his

"Star-Eves tan't see." The settlers were wild with rage the rest." the trail, for the men had insisted on when they heard of it. Some of them were eager for an expedition against of your own boy?" excitedly exclaimed the fudlans, but cooler counsels are

vailed Among the settlers were a Quaker of hor emen cut across the trail and family from Philadelphia, who had Indianthem, 'and he's hanging back there family, including the mother, were should accompany them in order that "Yes,' said Jim, who was the man the latter's eves might be examined by

days on horseback all the way to Har- adelphia Times. risburg and thence by primitive stage coach, but it was accomplished, and the little blind papoose was taken to an emirent oculist. Examination showed that the eyes had been blinded by halding close to them, with the lidopened, a very hot officet, probably either a red-hot iron or a super-heated stone. It was not the first case known

of such Indian atrocity The oculist did his best to remain the v' on but all be could accompli h wa shade. He could distinguish persons Ten years passed and the line of set-

tlement reached further up the valley. The kind Quaker family moved a dezen miles above to the mouth of Pine ere il. and Fleetfoot, with three chil from in addition to the nearly blind determined to move westward with them. It was difficult for the Indian, even with the help of Minmawa oun in backet making to care a living for his little family. There were white hunters in the woods now and game was getting comparatively Even after the removal to Pine creek the Indian was serely pressed by poycrty and he soon, determined, though with great reloctance, to join his triba at the headwaters of the river, nearly

It was a sad parting. Minnawaqua, with all the stoicism of her race, could American lines of steamers will make tried to bell her, an' now she won't not represe her grief, and tenes tried led a fine exhibit in the transportant falls nome about him. Why, I was from the Lemillon but nearly rightiess tion building. They will show, be- there to dinner onet, an l'atrick ne gracefully. Somerville Journal orbit of Marky a run a hands mely side in incident and pletures, an actual come is drank, an' when he went out man, pushing the crowd away.

The truly desirable style of conversational ability is that which regulates there were moist eyes, too, in the Qualier's family and in the households the City of New York and the City of York and The City of New York and of the other settlers.

In a richety house, 'mid a garden of weeds mood and that a raid down the river. Where the course exceeded the sweet light of A woman sat idly, in garments forlows: She looked at the holes in the rate rates floor, and the rags, not too clean, that her little one

Well they knew that the time was moccasins, and his feet were bleeding He quickly told his story. The Ininstantly took to the woods, made a refused to heed the command of the thought the Indians would surely who tackle life bravely and cheer it with jokes

The alarm was quickly sounded Star-Elves remained with his Quaker friends. About two weeks after the Both Fleet-Foot and his wife Minna- events just abted he and two of the waqua (Sparkling Water) were re- Quaker children were gathering nuts in markably has types of the Indian of the woods. Suldenly there was a small those days, but they had a little pa-volley of rifle shots, and poor Star-Eyes poose that was a wonder and a delight fell dead in his trac's without word or

mitted that he was just the sweetest. This was the awful retribution visited little thing they ever saw-with the upon the nearly sightless Indian boy exception of their own children, of for saving his white friends from

Within an hour after the dastardly that a sculptor would have adored and act of assass nation a dozen brave setthe countingest little mouth. He was there were on the trail of the murderers, five in number, as indicated by Little Star-Eyes was about two years their tracks. The long strides shown old when the tribe migrated to the by the moceanin tracks showed that new location for up the river. Angry the assassing were running, and that threats had been made against Fleet- they were determined to make sure of Foot because of his refusal to join escape. But the pursuers were swift them, but he was imppy and contented, runners, too. Nerved by their grainand Minnawaqua dreaded the thought tude to poor Star-Eyes, and by the horrible atpocity of the Indiana, they were determined to avenge the crime at all

buzards. As evening approached the pursuers found that the trail was getting ...rin"-they were nearing the culprice Sundown, twilight, and the trail till warmer. As the treeks grew inthe men saw a glimmer of light in a out of the house to renew the search. Line valley some distance ahead. It She had hardly passed the door when was evident that the Indiana, believ-

kidasped by his kindred in revenge for ly aimed rifles at close range. Four of the sleeping Indians never was evident. a woke; the fifth one helplessly. There was a great commotion among writhed in agony. As the actions the settlers who they heard of the rushed up to dispatch the wounded rodlight from the camp-fire fell

It was Fleet-Foot, the father of Star-The muzzle of a rifle was at his head and a finger on the trigger. This eyes About ten days after this episode, turned up sadly; he recognized the set- kitchen, bashful, red-faced, solemu and "Yes; but listen." They knelt bedenly awakened by the voice of Star- side him to catch his words, for he was

"When the war party returned," he overloyed parents, but they were sur- said, slowly and painfully, "they knew, prised to find him tremblingly feeling of course, that Star-Eyes had betrayed their faces with his hands. What was them. They bound me. Minnawaqua the motter? He always spoke in Eng. and my three young children to stakes, intending to burn us all. Older In dians, with one or two chiefs, urged True erough, he was totally blird, that we knew nothing about the act of although the big, lustrons eyes looked Star-Eyes. In the end there was a church just as natural as on the day he was compromise. Five warriors, including abducted. Fleet-Foot understood it myself, were to go to the settlement all. The tribs had wreaked their and kill Star-Eyes. I was obliged to vengeance by blinding the innocent accept the terms to save Minnawaqua child and then stealthily returned him and my three little ones. You know to be married.

"And you were one of the murderers

rifle. "No," came faintly from the dying "I might shoot myself, but taken a special interest in Floot-Foot's not Star-Eves. There was no bullet little family. Part of the Queker in Flect-Foot's rifle-I deceived them." Suddenly he raised his head, turned near thar Mezor trail. He told us all about to make a journey to the city to his already glassy eyes toward the bride was Mrs. Patrick, possessed of peared, and his bead is too closely bout the black fore westrung him up. visit their friends, and it was suggested twinkling stars, pointed his finger up-

'There is Star-Eyes now! Do you table and a cupboard full of dishes. see him? He is beekoning to me. I Then his head fell back, his hand It was a tedious journey in those dropped-he was with his boy .- Phil-

> LOVE AND ITS WAYS. Love is always a burden-bearer.

THE patience of love never wearies. It is provocation proof. In doesn't break the heart of love to have the clothes line break. Without the help of human love divine love could never have been made

known on earth.

Love does not boast of the battles it them look bigger. LOYE never keeps her seat and says othing when the conductor happens to and Anne and gone "pord to Meenesomiss her in the street car.

seee from a purse full of gold coins to "An' my man," added she, "says he out in the collection basket. THE love that is right itself will not be did to his other wife." spend much of its time in looking for dack spots on other people You may turn the pockets of love

will never find a dollar of the devil's one breath. money in them. Love that is love is not veneered or the auger or buzz-saw.-Rum's Horn.

The International Navigation Compony, of Philmielphia, the Red Star and

Then smoothed her torn wrapper, and peace fully sighed: "In some way or other the Lord will provide." Her husband eat out by the door in the shade, While the briars and weeds did his meadows And the grass in his field was outstripping the

Of routs (in his trousers) there sure seas no And his coat was just ready to full from his But he calmly observed, when these "In some way or other the Lord will prot Me."

'In some way or other," it may be, but more The Lord, although patient and long to Can scarce be expected to stall-feed to Who has not the gumption to do whit to can;. And although He bequeaths us the trust of the land. And scatters His bountles on every hand. He doesn't put bread ready made on the shelf, But eyen a chicken must scratch for himself.

And I think He is far better pleased with the Who rustle and hustle the journey along, And fill up the chinks with a long and a song, Than with those who so solemnly sit them

selves down.

In idleness waiting a robe and a crown, And plously chant, as they drift with the tide "In some way or other the Lord will provide -Mortimer C. Brown, in Good Housekeeping TRUE AS STEEL

Ann ? We called her Kitchen Anna This was because we had another Anne in the family, and two of the same name a a house makes confucion.

She was a "Svendea" g'r'-tow calci, bine-yel and only sixteen hea she came to work for ni. the was rather stapid and slow, but very willing, and so sorry for his bluniers that it seemed almost ernel to be imputiont with her.

She did try so hard to learn. It was really pathetis, to see her with the cook book before her, tracing with a floury finger the words which she could not read. It was rather a mystery to me that she managed always to open the book at the right place to find the recipe she wished, but when I turned the pages and found a inmp of bread dough where the bread making rules were, a greate spot to mar# the pastry pag is an I sundry egg and augar traces on the calce recipes, I understood.

She had an isnute love of dainty things. She used to ta': 2 a cho lish de light in examining the content of the rag-haga, which we turaed over to her. The scraps of bright silk and velvet were her treasures, and I often recognized bits of lacs which had done form er duty on underciothing carefully darged and graament ng her handker A careful reconnoissance, a patient could but marvel at her patience when webby patterns on the edges of some coars; cotton cloth mat; for her wash

But I must tell you about Patrick His name was not the only m deading thing about him, as we found to our sorrow, but that was delasive enough, for he was a liwe le. Aane told me he eager for immediate pursuit of the full upon his face and they suddenly took it breasse he disliked his Swedish name. Whether it was a given name or surname it went for both, for he sald that one name was "a p'enta" -- o Patrick he was and Patrick only.

He was Anne's lover. Two evenings each week he sat with her in the silent. He sat at one side of the stove, she at the other, each in a wooden rocking-chair. Her chair eroaked and his groaned as they rocked slowly and rbythmically, and the rhythm was ac centuated by their four feet striking the floor at the same instant.

good night, yet somehow his wooing progressed and prospered. On Sundays they went together to the little Swede uneventfully enough their Thus

Searcely a word was said by him

from his first greeting until he said

was going to leave me because she was youth, but she was "most clighteen," she said, and Patrick had already rented two becutiful rooms and had furnished them for her, and he was for the Anne of to-day is no seventeenmaking money at his trade. So I said year-old girl. no more but helped her in her plans for housekeeping.

And so they were married-just at

boliday time-and a proud and happy two cozy little rooms, with a stove, six chairs, an alarm clock, a bed, a ter. She had some boarders-some men

who took their meals there-and she was very busy. Sometimes on a Sunday she would come in for a few moments to tell me lover, come back penitent and tender how she was getting on, and I noticed and true, and now Anne's grief has that she was growing thin and white, Love that is not kind is the wrong and with a worried, anxious look, quite new to our rosy, phlegmatic Kitchen Anne.

Once I questioned her a little. Was she well? "Oh, yes, well, only tired; not so very tired, just some tired." 'Was Patrick good to her?"

"Oh,y esa"-tut she must be going mow. One day in the early spring. Chrishas fought, nor scratch its scars to make tine, Anne's married sister, came to see me about Anne. Patrick, she told me, had "skipped out." Left his debts

ta." Anne had not said so, bot Ole,

Love never picks out a two-cent Christine's "man," had told her so.

won't come back to her no more than "His other wife!" echoed 1. "Yes, the one that's to Chicago." "What! Hes Patrick been married alrong title out at any minute, and you before? Is he divorced?" asked I, in

"No, not divorced. He toll her that \$5,000 a day, has had some queer he didn't want her no longer, an'-an' he experiences of being penniker. On one grained tember, but is solid oak clear was going to marry agen, an she say through, and is never one bit afraid of 'ver' well, if you likes anoder better bridge, she wished to give a poor man a than me I am willing. So he didn't need shilling, and was obliged to borrow it no divorce."

"And did Anne know this?" "Oh, no; she wouldn't hear when we A gentleman had fallen on the afrest.

I told Christine to my nothing to Anne of my knowing her trouble, but and her if she would come and work for me for a few weeks preparatory to

our moving to another sity. Anne came, and soon went about her work just as also used, only that she very quiet, and tooked halloweved and sad. Patrick had gone "nord, to Meenesota" where he could make lets of money, but he would come back "Oh, yes, he would come back soon she said, with a little catch of her breath

that went to my heart. Christine came often, and from her l earned that Patrick had taken with him several sums of borrowed money, and that he had said that he did not

mean to return. Anne, with a quiet dignity strange in one of her class, kept her troubles and her sorrow to herself. The day before we left for our new home she came and

we left for our new begged me to take her with me, begged me to take her with me. Thea she broke down and told me all, Patrick had gone for good. He had told her that he was tired of her. She had supported him all winter, and now she wanted to earn money to pay his

I fished how she would dispose of her furn.ture. It was not hers, she said; it had never been paid for. Patrick had bought it on "credit," and she had sent it back, and now she had nothing-no. nothing of her own, except her beautiful dishes, and she would never have any use for them again. Then she broke down completely and sobbed bitteriy.

She packed away her one possession and stored the box at Christine's, and then she came away with us. All of her wages she sent to pay Patrick's The Story of Faithful Kitchen debts. We told her that she was not responsible for his debts, and urged her te save her money for herself; but he would not. She said that Patrick had borrowed from those who could not afford to lose their money, and she tol'l us of one old man who, unknown to his surewd but abrewish wife, had loaned Patrick all of his little hoard of savings. His wife scolded him and sometimes struck him, Anne said, because he was poor, and Anne most pay him back before the old woman found

that it was all gone. At first Anne was diverted by her ew surroundings but soon she began to lose interest in her work, and having ones broken her silence concerning her troutles, she poured them forth freely. She said that it had all come upon her for a punishment. It was because she had loved Patrick too much-better than her father or mother. She said that now her life was all over, and she was "jung-so jung-only eighteen jears.

As both interest and health flagged, I sent her back to her people, where they said she wandered about in r shabby gown, rarely rousing from her melancholy and seeming finlf crazed by her grief. Then gradually I lost all trace of her. Three years ago a friend sent me a lip cat from a country paper that Patrie's had been arrested in Minnesota for biggang and was now lodged in jail. He had there wives but two he Chicago woman and the girl whom he married in Minnesota, made the trouble. He was sent to the peniten-

brought an awkwardly-directed parcel. not quite sure of the address. Treeognized Anne's writing and claimed the package. It contained sever: I yards of beautifully-made linen Inco out not a word except Anne's nam Fine and exquisite, I knew what hours of patient and loving labor the lace meant for poor Anne's slow, clam-

tiary for two years, his offense, having

two living wives. Anne would not ap-

pear against him. Again I lost trace

of Anne until one day the posiman

sy fingers, and I was touched by the long reply. Annie was living in a penitenciary town, working and waiting for Patrick to serve his term, which was nearing completion. His troubles had made a good man of

nim, she wrote, and he wanted to

marry her when he was free. She had forgiven him and she-well, she loved him -that was all. "And so they were married" once more, and she wrote me, to quote her words-that "life was sweet agen." She sent me a photograph of herself courtship ran on for more than a year, and hurband, brave in bridal finery. when one day Aane told me that she They stand hand in hand and look as stiff and awkward as only bridal couples can look in a picture. With a I remonstrated, urging her extreme bit of sentiment that has a touch of pathos in it. Anne wears her old wedding gown. It is short in the skirt and cruelly tight in the waist and sheves -

Both her face and Patrick's show lines that were not there when I saw them last. The corn-colored mustache which was Patrick's glory had disapcropped for beauty, but there is an earnest expression on his face which I like, and which promises better things We saw but little of Anne that win. for poor, faithful Anno. And I believe that she will be happy, for such constancy must touch Patrick's heart. There is nothing that beals a broken

> had both. Marie More Marsh, in Chicago Graphic. -Askitt-"What, in your opinion, is the most indispensable qualification of a poet?" Nowitt-"An Independent

heart like time, unless it be a lost

fortune."-N. Y. Sun. FOREIGNERS OF NOTE.

PADEREWSKI pronounces his name Patrefsky." THE grand duke of Baden is a great ancier of carrier pigeons, 145, has deroted much time in raising and training

REV. MR. McNEILL, the Scotch Moody,

is said by the London papers to have

been offered \$50,000 a year to come to America. Ir is said that, in fulfillment of a romise made to his wife when they were married, the duke of Portland has already given to charities £60,000 which he won on the turf.

QUEES VICTORIA, with an income of occasion, while driving over Wantson of the turnulles beeper.

once. "Give the man air," shouted a polle-

"He don't want air," growled an ready."-Detroit Free Press,